Would tempt vnto a cloſe exploit of death.
Boy. My Lord, I know a diſcontented Gentleman.
Whoſe humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
King. What is his name?
Boy. His name my Lord, is Tirrell.
King. Goe call him hither preſently.
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more ſhall be the neighbour to my counſell,
Hath he ſo long held out with me vntirde
And ſtops he now for breath?
Enter Darby.
How now, what newes with yon?
Dar. My Lord, I heate the Marqueſſe Dorſet
Is fled to Richmond, in thoſe parts beyond the ſeas where he abides.
King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.
King. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is ſicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping cloſe:
Enquire me out ſome meane borne Gentleman,
Whom *I* wil marry ſtraight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is fooliſh, and *I* feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamſt: *I* ſay againe, giue out
That Anne my wife is ſicke and like to die.
About it, for it ſtands me much vpon.
To ſtop all hopes whoſe growth may damage me,
I muſt be married to my brothers daughter,
Or elſe my kingdome ſtands on brittle glaſſe,
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but *I* am in
So farre in blood, that ſin plucke on ſin,
Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eye.
Enter Tirrel.
Is thy name Tirrell?
Tir. *I*ames Tirrel, and your moſt obedient ſubiect.
King. Art thou indeed?

Tir.

Tir. Proue me my gracious ſoueraigne.
King. Darſt thou reſolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.
King. Why there thou haſt it, two deepe enemies,
Foes to my reſt, and my ſweete ſleepes diſturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane thoſe baſtards in the tower.
Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And ſoone Ile rid you from the feare of them.
King. Thou ſingſt ſweete muſicke. Come hither Tirriſſ,
Go by that token, riſe and lend thine eare, *He whiſpers in his eare.*
Tis no more but ſo, ſay it is done
And I will loue thee, and prefere thee too.
Tir. Tis done my gracious Lord.
King. Shall we heare from thee Tirrel, ere we ſleepe?
Enter Buckingham.
Tir. Ye ſhall my Lord.
Buc. My Lord, I haue conſidered in my mind,
The late demaund that you did ſound me in.
King. Well, let that paſſe, Dorſet is fled to Richmond.
Buc. I heare that newes my Lord.
King. *Stanly* he is your wiues ſonnes. Wel looke too it.
Buc. My Lord, I claime your gift, my due by promiſe,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of Herford and the moueables,
The which you promiſed I ſhould poſſeſſe.
King. *Stanly* looke to your wife, if ſhe conuey
Letters to Richmond you ſhall anſwere it.
Buc. What ſayes your highneſſe to my iuſt demaund?
King. As I remember, *Henry* the ſixt
Did propheſie that Richmond ſhould be king,
When Richmond was a little peeuiſh boy,
A king perhaps, perhaps. *Buck.* My Lord.
King. How chance the Prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me, I being by, that I ſhould kill him.
Buck. My Lord, your promiſe for the Earldome.
King. Richmond, when laſt I was at Exeter,
The Maior in curteſie ſhewed me the Caſtle,